

19

C Y M O N.

A

DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, in DRURY-LANE.

— SOLI CANTARE PERITI
ARCADES.

Virg.

Garrett



L O N D O N:

Printed for the PROPRIETOR.

M.DCC.LXVI.

C Y M O M

DRAMATIC ROMANCE



THEATRE ROYAL

ARCHIVES

L O N D O N

Printed by the Proprietor

at the Theatre Royal

St. James's Street

Dramatis Personæ.

MERLIN,
CYMON,
DORUS,
LINCO,
DAMON,
DORILAS,
HYMEN,
CUPID,

Mr. BENSLEY.
Mr. VERNON.
Mr. PARSONS.
Mr. KING.
Mr. FAWCETT.
Mr. FOX.
Mr. GIORGI,
Miss ROGERS.

Demons of Revenge, Mr. CHAMPNESS, &c. &c.

Knights, Shepherds, &c. &c. &c. &c.

URGANDA,
SYLVIA,
FATIMA,
First SHEPHERDESS,
Second SHEPHERDESS,
DORCAS,

Mrs. BADDELEY.
Mrs. ARNE.
Mrs. ABINGTON.
Miss REYNOLDS.
Miss PLYM.
Mrs. BRADSHAW.

S C E N E, ARCADIA.

Dramatis Personae.

CHARLES
EDWARD
JANE
DORIS
DORIS
HARRY
CLARA

Dramatis Personae.



Dramatis Personae.

CHARLES
EDWARD
JANE
DORIS
DORIS
HARRY
CLARA

Dramatis Personae.



C Y M O N.

A

DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

A C T I.

S C E N E, URGANDA's Palace..

Enter MERLIN and URGANDA.

Urg. **B**UT hear me, Merlin, I beseech you, hear me.

Mer. Hear you! I have heard you—for years have heard your vows, your protestations—Have you not allur'd my affections by every female art? and when I thought that my unalterable passion was to be rewarded for its constancy—What have you done?—Why, like mere mortal woman, in the true spirit of frailty, have given up me and my pes—for what?—a boy, an idiot.

B 3

Urg. Ev'n

Urg. Ev'n this I can bear from Merlin.

Mer. You have injur'd me, and must bear more.

Urg. I'll repair that injury:

Mer. Then send back your fav'rite Cymon to his disconsolate friends.

Urg. How can you imagine that such a poor ignorant object as Cymon is can have any charms for me?

Mer. Ignorance, no more than profligacy, is excluded from female favour; the success of rakes and fools, is a sufficient warning to us, could we be wise enough to take it.

Urg. You mistake me, Merlin; pity for Cymon's state of mind, and friendship for his father, have induced me to endeavour at his cure.

Mer. False, prevaricating Urganda! Love was your inducement. Have you not stolen the prince from his royal father, and detained him here by your power while a hundred knights are in search after him?—Does not every thing about you prove the consequence of your want of honour and faith to me? Were you not plac'd on this happy spot of Arcadia, to be the guardian of its peace and innocence? and have not the Arcadians liv'd for ages the envy of less happy, because less virtuous people?

Urg. Let me beseech you, Merlin, spare my shame.

Mer. And are they not at last, by your example, sunk from their state of happiness and tranquillity to that of care, vice, and folly! Their once happy lives are now imbitter'd with envy, passion, vanity, selfishness, and inconstancy;—and who are they to curse for this change? Urganda, the lost Urganda.



A I R.

A I R.

*If pure are the springs of the fountain,
As purely the river will flow,
If noxious the stream from the mountain,
It poisons the valley below—*

*So of vice, or of virtue, possessest,
The throne makes the nation,
Thro' ev'ry gradation,
Or wretched, or blest.*

Urg. Let us talk calmly of this matter.

Mer. I'll converse with you no more—because I
I will be no more deceiv'd: I cannot hate you, tho'
I shun you—Yet, in my misery, I have this conso-
lation, that the pangs of my jealousy are at least
equall'd by the torments of your fruitless passion.

*Still wish and sigh, and wish again,
Love is detron'd, Revenge shall reign!
Still shall my pow'r your arts confound,*

AND CYMON'S CURE SHALL BE URGAN-
DA'S WOUND. [Exit Merlin.

Urg. “And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's
wound!” What mystery is couch'd in these words?
—What can he mean?

Enter Fatima, looking after Merlin.

Fat. I'll tell you, Madam, when he is out of
hearing—He means mischief, and terrible mischief
too; no less, I believe, than ravishing you, and
cutting my tongue out—I wish we were out of his
clutches.

Urg. Don't fear, Fatima.

Fat. I can't help it, he has great power, and is
mischievously angry.

Urg.

Omitted in the repre-
sentation.

Urg. Here is your protection (*shewing her wand.*) My power is at least equal to his—(*muses*) And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!

Fat. Don't trouble your head with these odd ends of verses, which were spoke in a passion; or, perhaps, for the rhyme's sake.—Think a little to clear us from this old mischief-making conjurer—What will you do, madam?

Urg. What can I do, Fatima?

Fat. You might very easily settle matters with him, if you cou'd as easily settle 'em with yourself.

Urg. Tell me how?

Fat. Marry Merlin, and send away the young fellow. (*Urganda shakes her head.*) I thought so—we are all alike, and that folly of ours in preferring two-and-twenty to two-and-forty, runs thro' the whole sex of us—but, before matters grow worse, give me leave to reason a little with you, madam—

Urg. I am in love, Fatima, (*sighing*)

Fat. And poor reason may stay at home—me exactly!—Ay, ay, we are all alike—but with this difference, madam—your passion is surely a strange one—you have stolen away this young man; who, bating his youth and figure, has not one single circumstance to create affection about him. He is half an idiot, madam, which is no great compliment to your wisdom, your beauty, or your power.

Urg. I despise them all—for they can neither relieve my passion, or create one where I would have them.

A I R.

A I R.

*What is knowledge, and beauty, and power,
 Or what is my magical art?
 Can I for a day, for an hour,
 Have beauty to make the youth kind,
 Have pow'r o'er his mind,
 Or knowledge to warm his cold heart:
 O! no—a weak boy all my magic disarms,
 And I sigh all the day with my pow'r and my charms.*

Fat. Sigh all the day!—More shame for you, madam—Cymon is incapable of being touch'd with any thing; nothing gives him pleasure, but twirling his cap, and hunting butterflies—he'll make a sad lover indeed, madam—

Urg. I can wait with patience for the recovery of his understanding; it begins to dawn already.

Fat. Where pray?

Urg. In his eyes.

Fat. Eyes!—Ha, ha, ha!—Love has none, madam—the heart only sees, on these occasions—Cymon was born a fool—and his eyes will never look as you would have them, take my word for it.

Urg. Don't make me despair, Fatima.

Fat. Don't lose your time then; 'tis the business of beauty to make fools, and not cure 'em—Even I poor I, could have made twenty fools of wise men, in half the time that you have been endeavouring to make your fool sensible—O! 'tis a sad way of spending one's time.

Urg. Hold your tongue, Fatima—my passion is too serious to be jested with.

Fat. Far gone indeed, madam—and yonder goes the precious object of it.

Urg.

Urg. He seems melancholy : what's the matter with him ?

Fat. He's a fool, or he might make himself very merry among us—I'll leave you to make the most of him.—

Urg. Stay, Fatima—and help me to divert him.

Fat. A sad time, when a lady must call in help to divert her gallant !—but I'm at your service.—

U R G A N D A.

A I R.

*Hitber, all my spirits, bend,
With your magic powers attend,
Chase the mists, that cloud his mind :
Musick, melt the frozen boy,
Raise his soul to love and joy ;
Dulness makes the heart unkind.*

Enter Cymon melancholy.

Cym. What do you sing for ?—Heigho ! (*sighing.*)

Fat. What's the matter, young Gentleman ?

Cym. Heigho !

Urg. Are you not well, Cymon ?

Cym. Yes,—I am very well.

Urg. Why do you sigh then ?

Cym. Eh ! (*looks foolishly.*)

Fat. Do you see it in his eyes, now, madam ?

Urg. Prithee, be quiet—What is it you want ?
tell me, Cymon—Tell me your wishes, and you shall have 'em.

Cym. Shall I ?

Urg. Yes, indeed, Cymon.

Fat. Now, for it—

Cym. I wish—heigho !

Urg. These sighs must mean something.

(*aside to Fatima.*)

Fat.

Fat. I wish you joy, then ; find it out, madam.

Urg. What do you sigh for ?

Cym. I want— (sighs.)

Urg. What, what, my sweet creature ! (eagerly.)

Cym. To go away.

Fat. O la !—the meaning's out.

Urg. What would you leave me then ?

Cym. Yes.

Urg. Why would you leave me ?

Cym. I don't know.

Urg. Where would you go ?

Cym. Any where.

Urg. Had you rather go any where, than stay with me ?

Cym. I had rather go any where than stay with any body.

Urg. But you can't love me, if you would leave me, Cymon.

Cym. Love you ! what's that ?

Urg. Do you feel nothing here ? In your heart, Cymon ?

Cym. Yes, I do.

Urg. What is it ?

Cym. I don't know. (sighs.)

Urg. That's a sigh, Cymon—am I the cause of it ?

Cym. Yes, Indeed you are.

Urg. Then I am blest !

Fat. Poor lady !

Urg. But how do I cause it ?

Cym. You won't let me go away.

Fat. Poor lady ! (aside.)

Urg. Will you love me, If I let you go ?

Cym. Any thing, if you'll let me go—pray let me go.

Urg. You can't love me, and go too.

Cym. Let me try.

Fat.

Fat. I'm out of all patience—What the deuce would you have, young gentleman? Had you one grain of understanding, or a spark of sensibility in you, you would know and feel yourself to be the happiest of Mortals.

Cym. I had rather go for all that.

Fat. The picture of the whole sex! Oh! madam—fondness will never do, a little coquetry is the thing; I bait my hook with nothing else; and I always catch fish. *(aside to Urganda.)*

Urg. What! 'had you rather go away than live here in splendor, be caress'd by me, and have all your commands obey'd?

Cym. All my commands obey'd?

Urg. Yes, my dear Cymon; give me your affections, and I will give you my power—you shall be lord of me and mine.

Cym. O Lord!

Fat. O, the fool!

Urg. I will shew him my power, and captivate his heart thro' his senses.

Fat. You'll throw away your powder and shot.

Urganda waves her wand, and the stage changes to a magnificent garden. Cupid and the Loves descend.

C U P I D.

A I R.

O! why will you call me again,

'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain;

The pow'rs of a god

Cannot quicken this clod,

Alas!—It is labour in vain:

O Venus! my mother, some new object give her!

This blunts all my arrows, and empties my quiver.

A Dance

A Dance by Cupid and followers.

During the entertainments of Singing and Dancing Cymon at first stares about him, then grows inattentive, and at last falls asleep.

Urg. Look, Fatima, nothing can affect his insensibility—and yet, what a beautiful simplicity!

Fat. Turn him out among the sheep, madam, and think of him no more—'tis all labour in vain, as the song says, I assure you.

Urg. Cymon, Cymon! what are you dead to these entertainments?

Cym. Dead! I hope not; (*starts.*)

Urg. How can you be so unmov'd?

Cym. They tir'd me so that I wish'd 'em a good night, and went to sleep—But where are they?

Urg. They are gone, Cymon.

Cym. Then let me go too. (*Getting up.*)

Fat. The old story!

Urg. Whither would you go? Tell me, and I'll go with you, my sweet youth.

Cym. No, I'll go by myself.

Urg. And so you shall; but where?

Cym. Into the fields.

Urg. But is not this garden pleasanter than the fields, my palace than cottages, and my company more agreeable to you than the shepherds?

Cym. Why how can I tell till I try; you won't let me chuse.

A I R.

You gave me last week a young linnæ,

Sbüt up in a fine golden cage;

Yet how sad the poor think was within it,

Ob how did it flutter and rage!

C

Then

*Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den;
Then so merry was he,
And because he was free,
He come to his cage back again.*

And so should I too, if you would let me go—

Urg. And would you return to me again?

Cym. Yes, I would—I have no where else to go.

Fat. Let him have his humour—when he is not confin'd, and is seemingly disregarded, you may have him, and mould him as you please—'Tis a receipt for the whole sex.

Urg. I'll follow your advice—Well, Cymon, you shall go wherever you please, and for as long as you please.

Cym. O la! and I'll bring you a bird's nest, and some cowslips—and shall I let my linnet out too?

Fat. O, ay, pretty creatures; pray, let 'em go together.

Urg. And take this, Cymon, wear it for my sake, and don't forget me. (*Gives Cymon a nosegay.*) Tho' it won't give passion, it will encrease it, if he should think kindly of me, and absence may befriend me (*Aside.*) Go, Cymon, take your companion and be happier than I can make you.

Cym. Then I'm out of my cage, and shall mope no longer.

Urg. His transports distract me!—I must retire to conceal my uneasiness. (*Retires.*)

Fat. And I'll open the gate to the prisoners. [*Exit.*]

Cym. And I'll fetch my bird, and we'll fly away together.

A I R.

Oh liberty, liberty ! dear happy liberty !

Nothing's like thee !

So merry are we,

My linnet and I,

From prison we're free,

Away we will fly,

To liberty, liberty !

Dear happy liberty !

Nothing's like thee !

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Rural Prospect.*

Enter Two ShepherdesSES.

1st Shep. **W**HAT to be left and forsaken !
and see the false fellow make the
same vows to another, almost before my face ! I
can't bear it, and I won't !

2^d Shep. Why, look ye, Sister, I am as little
inclin'd to bear these things as yourself ; and if my
swain had been faithless too, I should have been
vex'd at it, to be sure ; but how can you help your-
self ?

1st Shep. I have not thought of that ; I only
feel I can't bear it ; and as to the *won't*, I must trust
in a little mischief of my own to bring it about.—
O, that I had the power of our enchantress yonder !
I wou'd play the devil with them all.

2^d Shep. And yet folks say, she has no power
in love-matters ; you know, notwithstanding her
charms, and her spirits, she is in love with a fool,
and has not wit enough to make him return it.

1st Shep. No matter for that; if I could not make folks love me, I would make them miserable and that's the next pleasure to it.

2d Shep. And yet, to do justice to to her who makes all this disturbance among you, she does not in the least encourage the Shepherds, and she can't help their falling in love with her.

1st Shep. May be so, nor can I help hating and detesting her, because they do fall in love with her. — Sylvia's good qualities cannot excuse her to me; my quarrel to her is, that all the young fellows follow her, not because she does not follow the young fellows.

2d Shep. Well, but really now, sister, 'tis a little hard, that a girl, who has beauty to get lovers, or merit enough to keep 'em, should be hated for her good qualities. (*Affectedly.*)

1st Shep. Marry come up, my insulting sister; because you think your shepherd constant, you have no feeling for the false-heartedness of mine. — But don't be too vain with your success; my Dorilas is made of the same stuff as your Damon; and I can't for the life of me see that you have any particular security for your fool, more than I had for mine.

2d Shep. Why are you so angry, my dear sister? — I am not Sylvia, and to oblige you, I will abuse her wherever I go, and whenever you please; I think she is a most provoking creature, and I wish she was out of the country with all my soul.

1st Shep. And so she ought to be. She has no business here with her good qualities. Nobody knows who she is, or whence she came. — She was left here with old Dorcas, but how, or by whom, or for what, except to make mischief among us, I know not — There is some mystery about her, and I'll find it out.

2d Shep. But will your quarrelling with her bring back your sweetheart?

1st

1st Shep. No matter for that—when the heart is over-loaded, any vent is a relief to it; and that of the tongue is always the readiest and most natural—So if you won't help me to find her, you may stay where you will.

Linco, singing without.

Care flies from the lad that is merry.

2d Shep. Here comes the merry Linco, who never knew care, or felt sorrow.—If you can bear his laughing at your griefs, or singing away his own, you may get some information from him.

Enter Linco singing.

Lin. What, my girls of ten thousand! I was this moment defying love and all his mischief, and you are sent in the nick by him, to try my courage; but I'm above temptation, or below it—I duck down, and all his arrows fly over me.

A I R.

*Care flies from the lad that is merry,
Whose heart is as sound
And cheeks are as round,
As round, and as red as a cherry.*

1st Shep. What are you always thus?

Lin. Ay, or Heav'n help me! What would you have me to do as you do—walking with your arms across, thus—heighho'ing by the brook side among the willows. Oh! fye for shame, lasses! young and handsome, and sighing after one fellow a-piece, when you should have a hundred in a drove, following you like—like—you shall have the simile another time.

2d Shep. No; prithee, Linco, give it us now.

C 3

Lin.

Lin. You shall have it—or, what's better, I'll tell you what you are *not* like—you are not like our shepherdess Sylvia—she's so cold, and so coy, that she flies from her lovers, but is never without a score of them; you are always running after the fellows, and yet are always alone; a very great difference, let me tell you—frost and fire, that's all.

2d Shep. Don't imagine, that I am in the pining condition my poor sister is—I am as happy as she is miserable.

Lin. Good lack, I'm sorry for't.

2d Shep. What, sorry that I am happy?

Lin. Oh! no, prodigious glad.

1st Shep. That I am miserable?

Lin. No, no:—prodigious sorry for that—and prodigious glad of the other.

1st Shep. Be my friend, Linco; and I'll confess my folly to you.—

Lin. Don't trouble yourself—'tis plain enough to be seen—but I'll give you a receipt for it without fee or reward—There's friendship for you.

1st Shep. Prithee, be serious a little.

Lin. No; Heav'n forbid! If I am serious, 'tis all over with me—I should soon change my roses for your lilies.

2d Shep. Don't be impudent, Linco—but give us your receipt.

A I R.

Lin. I laugh and sing,
I am blithsome and free,
The rogue's little sting,
It can never reach me:
For with fa, la, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
It can never reach me.

II.

*My skin is so tough,
Or so blinking is he,
He can't pierce my buff,
Or he misses poor me.*

For with fal, la, la, la!

And ha, ha, ha, ha!

He misses poor me.

III.

*O, never be dull,
By the sad willow tree :
Of mirth be brim full,
And run over like me.*

For with fal, la, la, la!

And ha, ha, ha, ha!

Run over like me.

1st Shep. It won't do!

Lin. Then you are far gone, indeed.

1st Shep. And as I can't cure my love, I'll revenge it.

Lin. But how, how, shepherdes?

1st Shep. I'll tear Sylvia's eyes out.

Lin. That's your only way—for you'll give your nails a feast, and prevent mischief for the future—
Oh! tear her eyes out by all means.

2d Shep. How can you laugh, Linco, at my sister in her condition?

Lin. I must laugh at something, shall I be merry with you?

2d Shep. The happy shepherd can bear to be laugh'd at.

Lin. Then Sylvia might take your shepherd without a sigh, tho' your sister would tear her eyes out.

2d

2d Shep. My shepherd! what does the fool mean?

1st Shep. Her shepherd! pray tell us, Linco.
(*Eagerly.*)

Lin. 'Tis no secret, I suppose—I only met Damon and Sylvia together.

2d Shep. What my Damon?

Lin. Your Damon that was, and that would be Sylvia's Damon if she would accept him.

2d Shep. Her Damon! I'll make her to know—a wicked slut! a vile fellow—come sister, I'm ready to go with you—we'll give her her own—if our old governor continues to cast a sheep's eye at me, I'll have her turn'd out of Arcadia, I warrant you.

1st Shep. This is some comfort however, ha, ha, ha!

2d Shep. Very well, sister! you! may laugh, if you please—but perhaps it is too soon—Linco may be mistaken; it may be your Dorilas that was with her.

Lin. And your Damon too, and Strephon, and Colin, and Alexis, and Egon, and Corydon, and every fool of the parish but Linco, and he,

With fal, la, la!

And ha, ba, ba!

1st Shep. I can't bear to see him so merry, when I am so miserable. [*Exit.*]

2d Shep. There is some satisfaction in seeing one's sister as miserable as one's self. [*Exit.*]

Lin. Ha, ha, ha!—O how the pretty sweet temper'd creatures are ruffled.

A I R.

A I R.

*This love, puts them all, in commotion,
For preach what you will,
They cannot be still,
No more than the wind or the ocean.* [Exit.

SCENE *changes to a rural prospect.*
Sylvia discover'd, lying upon a bank.

Enter Merlin.

Mer. My art succeeds—which hither has convey'd,
To catch the eye of Cymon, this sweet maid.
Her charms shall clear the mists which cloud his mind,
And make him warm, ~~and sensible and kind~~;
(Her yet cold heart, with passion's sighs shall move,
Melt, as he melts, and give him Love for Love.
This magic touch shall to these flowers impart,
[Touches a Nosegay in her hand.
A power when beauty gains, to fix the heart,
A power, the false enchantress shall confound;
And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound.

[Exit.

Enter Cymon, with his Bird.

Cym. Away, prisoner, and make yourself merry.
(Bird flies.) Ay, ay, I knew how it would be with you—much good may it do you, Bob.—What a sweet place this is! Hills, and greens, and rocks, and trees, and water, and sun, and birds!—Dear me, 'tis just as if I had never seen it before! Bob, Bob, much good may do you, Bob.

[Whistles about till he sees Sylvia, then stops and sinks his whistling by degrees, with a look and attitude of astonishment.

O la!

O la!—What's here!—'Tis something drop'd from the Heavens sure, and yet 'tis like a woman too!—Bless me! is it alive! (*Sighs.*) It can't be dead, for its cheek is as red as a rose, and it moves about the heart of it—I am afraid of it, and yet can't leave it.—I begin to feel something strange here. (*Lays his hand on his heart and sighs.*) I don't know what's the matter with me.—I wish it would wake, that I might see its eyes.—If it should look gentle, and smile upon me, I should be glad to play with it—Ay, ay, there's something now in my breast that they told me of—It feels oddly to me—and yet I don't dislike it.

A I R.

<i>All amaze!</i>	
<i>Wonder, Praise,</i>	
<i>Here for ever could I gaze!</i>	
<i>Creep still near it,</i>	(advancing.)
<i>Yet I fear it,</i>	(retiring.)
<i>I can neither stay nor go,</i>	
<i>Can't forsake it,</i>	(advancing.)
<i>Dare not wake it,</i>	(retiring.)
<i>Shall I touch it?—no, no, no!</i>	(retires.)

II.

Cymon, Sure thou art possesst,
 Something's got into thy breast,
 Strangely feeling
 Gently stealing,
 And my heart is panting so,
 I'm sad and merry, sick and well,
 What it is I cannot tell,
 Makes me thus—heigbo! heigbo.

*This stanza omitted
 in the acting.*

I am glad I came abroad!—I have not been so pleas'd ever since I can remember—but, perhaps, it may be angry with me—I can't help it, if it is.

—I

—I had rather see her angry with me than Urganda smile upon me—Stay, stay—(*Sylvia flirts.*) La, what a pretty foot it has!

(*Cymon retires.*)

Sylvia raising herself from her bank.

A I R.

*Yet awhile, sweet Sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms,
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.*

*I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
Quitting young the parent's nest,
Find each bird, a bird of prey,
Sorrow knows not where to rest.*

[*Sylvia wakes by degrees, supported by her right hand, while he gazes strongly on her, and right gently, pulling off his cap.*]

Syl. (*speaking gently and surprized.*) Who's that?

Cym. 'Tis I. (*bowing and hesitating.*)

Syl. What's your name?

Cym. Cymon.

Syl. What do you want, young Man?

Cym. Nothing, young Woman.

Syl. What are you doing there?

Cym. Looking at you there?

Syl. What a pretty creature it is. (*Aside.*)

Cym. What eyes it has! (*Aside.*)

Syl. You don't intend me any harm?

Cym. Not I, indeed!—I wish you don't do me some. Are you a fairy, pray?

Syl. No—I am a poor harmless shepherdess.

Cym. I don't know that—You have bewitch'd me, I believe.

Sy..

Syl. Indeed; I have not; and if it was in my power to harm you, I'm sure it is not in my inclination.

Cym. I'm sure, I would trust you to do any thing with me.

Syl. Would you? (*Sighs.*)

Cym. Yes, indeed, I would. (*Sighs.*)

Syl. Why, do you look so at me?

Cym. Why, do you look so at me?

Syl. I can't help it.

Cym. Nor I neither: I wish you'd speak to me, and look at me, as Urganda does.

Syl. What the Enchantress? Do you belong to her?

Cym. I had rather belong to you—I would not desire to go abroad, if I did.

Syl. Does Urganda love you?

Cym. So she lays.

Syl. I'm sorry for it.

Cym. Why are you sorry, pray?

Syl. I shall never see you again—I wish I had not seen you now!

Cym. If you did but wish as I do, all the enchantresses in the world could not hinder us from seeing one another.

Syl. Do you love Urganda?

Cym. Do you love the Shepherds?

Syl. I did not know what Love was this morning.

Cym. Nor I, till this afternoon.—Who taught you, pray?

Syl. Who taught you?

Cym. (*Bashful.*) You.

Syl. (*Blushing.*) You.

Cym. You could teach me any thing, if I was to live with you—I should not be call'd Simple Cymon any more.

Syl. Nor I, hard-hearted Sylvia.

Cym.

Cym. Sylvia—what a sweet name!—I could speak it for ever. (*Transported.*)

Syl. I can never forget that of Cymon:—Tho' Cymon may forget me!

Cym. Never, never, my sweet Sylvia.

[*Falls on his knees, and kisses her hand.*]

Syl. We shall be seen and separated for ever! Pray let me go—we are undone if we are seen—I must go—I am all over in a flutter!

Cym. When shall I see you again?—In half an hour?

Syl. Half an hour! that will be too soon—No, no, it must be three quarters of an hour.

Cym. And where, my sweet Sylvia?

Syl. And where, my sweet Cymon.

Cym. In the grove, by the river there.

Syl. And you shall take this to remember it. (*Gives him a nosegay.*) I wish it were a kingdom, I would give it you, and a queen along with it.

Cym. How my heart is transported!—and here is one for you too; which is of no value to me, unless you will receive it—take it, my sweet Sylvia. (*Cymon gives her Urganda's nosegay.*)

D U E T.

Syl. Take this nosegay, gentle youth,

Cym. And you, sweet maid, take mine;

Syl. Unlike these flowers, be thy fair truth;

Cym. Unlike these flowers be thine.

These changing soon,

Will soon decay,

Be sweet till noon,

Then pass away.

Fair for a time their transient charms appear;

But truth unchang'd shall bloom for ever here.

[*Each pressing their Hearts.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE *before Uriganda's Palace.**Enter Uriganda and Fatima.*

Urg. **I**S he not returned yet, Fatima?
Fat. He has no feelings but those of hunger; when that pinches him, he'll return to be fed, like other animals.

Urg. Indeed, Fatima, his insensibility astonishes and distracts me.—I have exhausted all my arts to overcome it; I have run all dangers to make an impression upon him; and, instead of finding my passion in the least abated by his ingratitude, I am only a greater slave to my weakness, and more incapable of relief.

Fat. Why then I may as well hold my tongue—but before I would waste all the prime of my womanhood in playing such a losing game, I would—but I see you don't mind me, madam, and therefore I'll say no more—I know the consequence, and must submit.

Urg. What can I do in my situation?

Fat. What you ought to do—and you belye your beauty and understanding by not doing it.

Urg. Explain yourself.

Fat. To secure my tongue, and your honour, (for Merlin will have you by hook or by crook.) Marry him directly—it will prevent mischief at least—so much for prudence.—During your honeymoon, I will hide the young gentleman, and if he has any tinder in him kindle him up for you. If your husband should be tired of you, as ten to one he will, I'll step in his way, he may be glad of the
Change,

change, and in return, I'll restore young Simplicity to you.—That's what I call a fashionable scheme.

Urg. I can't bear trifling at this time—you'll make me angry with you.—But see where Cymon approaches—he seems transported—Look, look, Fatima! He is kissing and embracing my nosegay—it has had the desired effect, and I am happy—we'll be invisible, that I may observe his transports.

Urganda waves her wand, and retires with Fatima.

Enter Cymon bugging a nosegay.

Cym. Oh my dear, sweet, charming nosegay!—To see thee, to smell thee, and to taste thee, (*Kisses it*) will make Urganda and her garden delightful to me. (*Kisses it.*)

Fat. What does he say?

Urg. Hush, hush!—all transport, and about me; What a change is this?

Cym. With this I can want for nothing.—I possess every thing with this.—My mind and heart are expanded: I feel—I know not what—Every thought that delights, and every passion that transports, gather, like so many bees, about this treasure of sweetness—Oh, the dear, dear nosegay, and the dear, dear giver of it!

Urg. The dear, dear giver.—Mind that, Fatima! What heavenly eloquence! Here's a change of heart and mind—heigho!—

Fat. I'm all amazement!—in a dream!—but is that your nosegay?

Urg. Mine! How can you doubt it?

Fat. Nay, I'm near-sighted.

Cym. She has not a beauty that is not brought to mind by these flowers.—This the colour of her hair—this of her skin—this of her cheeks—this of her eyes—this of her lips—sweet, sweet—and those rose buds—O! I shall go out of my wits with pleasure!

Fat. 'Tis pity to lose 'em the moment you have found 'em.—

Urg. O Fatima ! I never was proud of my power or vain of my beauty, till this transporting moment !

Cym. Where shall I put it ? Where shall I conceal it from every body.—I'll keep it in my bosom, next my heart, all the day ; and at night, I will put it upon my pillow, and talk to it—and sigh to it—and swear to it, and sleep by it—and kiss it for ever and ever.

A I R.

*What exquisite pleasure !
This sweet treasure,
From me they shall never,
Sever ;
In thee, in thee,
My charmer I see ;
I'll sigh, and caress thee,
I'll kiss thee, and press thee,
Thus, thus, to my bosom for ever, and ever.*

Urganda and Fatima come forward.

Cymon puts the nosegay in his bosom, and looks confused and astonished.

Urg. (Smiling) Pray, what is that you would kiss, and press to your bosom for ever and ever ?

Cym. Nothing but the end of an old song the shepherds taught me, “ I'll sigh and caress thee, I'll kiss thee, and press thee, &c. [*Pretends to sing.*

Fat. Upon my word ! a very hopeful youth indeed, and much improved in his singing—What think you now ? (*Aside to Urganda.*)

Urg. Nothing but his bashfulness struggling with his passion—what was that you was talking to ?

Cym. Myself, to be sure, I had nothing else to talk to.

Urg.

Urg. Yes, but you have, Cymon—don't be ashamed of what you ought to be proud of—there is something in your bosom, next your heart.

Cym. Yes, so there is.

Urg. What is it, Cymon? (*smiling.*)

Fat. Now his modesty is giving way; we shall have him at last. (*aside.*)

Cym. Nothing but a nosegay.

Urg. That which I gave you?—let me see it.

Cym. What! give a thing, and take it away again?

Urg. I would not take it away for the world.

Cym. Nor would I give it you, for a hundred worlds.

Fat. See it by all means, madam—I have my reasons. (*aside to Urganda.*)

Urg. I must see it, Cymon, and therefore no delay—you cannot have the love you seem'd to have but now, and refuse me.

Cym. O but I can, and for that reason.

Urg. Don't provoke me—I will see it, or shut you up for ever.

Cym. What a stir is here about nothing! Now are you satisfied?

He holds the nosegay at a distance. Urganda and Fatima look at one another with confusion.

Fat. I was right.

Urg. And I am miserable!

Cym. Have you seen it enough?

Urg. That is not mine, Cymon.

Cym. No—'tis mine.

Urg. Who gave it you?

Cym. A person.

Urg. What person—male, or female?

Cym. La! how can I tell?

Fat. Finely improved indeed!—a genius (*aside.*)

Urg. I must dissemble. (*aside.*) Lookee, Cymon; I did but sport with you—the nosegay was

your own, and you had a right to give it away, or throw it away.

Cym. Indeed, but I did not—I only gave it for this—which as it is so much finer and sweeter, I thought would not vex you.

Urg. Heigho!

(*Aside.*)

Fat. Vex her! O not in the least.—But you should not have given away her present to a vulgar creature.

Cym. How dare you talk to me so? I would have you to know, she is neither ugly, nor vulgar.

Fat. Oh she!—your humble servant, young Simplicity—La, how can you tell whether it is male or female!

(*Cymon is confus'd.*)

Urg. Don't mind her impertinence, Cymon—I give you leave to follow your own inclinations.—I brought you hither for your pleasure, indulge yourself in every thing you like—and be as happy as following your desires can make you.

Cym. Then I am happy, indeed—thank you, Lady, you have made me quite another creature! I'm out of my wits with joy—I may follow my inclinations—thank you, and thank you, and thank you again.

“ I'll sigh and carefs thee,

“ I'll kiss thee and press thee,

“ Thus, thus, to my bosom, for ever, and

“ ever.”—

[*Exit Cymon singing.*]

Fat. You are a philosopher, indeed.

Urg. A female one—Fatima, I have hid the most racking jealousy under this false appearance, in order to deceive him.—I shall by this means discover the cause of his joy, and my misery; and when that is known, you shall see whether I am most of a woman, or a philosopher.

Fat. I'll lay ten to one of the woman, in matters of this nature.

Urg.

Urg. Let him have liberty to go wherever he pleases—I will have him watch'd; that office be your's, my faithful Fatima—about it instantly—don't lose sight of him—no reply—not a word more.—

Fat. That's very hard—but I'm gone. [Exit.

Urg. When I have discovered the object of his present transports, I will make her more wretched than any of her sex—except myself.

A I R.

*Hence every hope, and every fear !
Awake, awake, my power and pride,
Let Jealousy, stern Jealousy appear !
With Vengeance at her side !*

II.

*Who scorns my charms, my power shall prove.
Revenge succeeds to slighted love !
Revenge !—But Oh, my sighing heart
With rebel Love takes part ;
Now pants again with all her fears,
And drowns her rage in tears.* [Exit.

S C E N E, Dorcas's Cottage.

Sylvia at the door with Cymon's nosegay in her hand.

A I R.

*These flowers, like our hearts, are united in one,
And are bound up so fast, that they can't be undone ;
So well are they blended, so beauteous to sight,
There springs from their union a tenfold delight ;
Nor poison, nor weed bere, our passion to warm ;
But sweet without briar, the rose without thorn.*

The

The more I look upon this nosegay, the more I feel Cymon in my heart and mind—Ever since I have seen him, heard his vows, and received this nosegay from him, I am in continual agitation, and cannot rest a moment.—I wander without knowing where—I speak without knowing to whom,—and I look without knowing at what.—Heigho! how my poor heart flutters in my breast!—Now I dread to lose him,—and now again I think him mine for ever!

A I R.

*O why should we sorrow who never knew sin!
Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:
This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care!*

II.

*Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain;
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care!*

Enter Linco.

Lin. If you were as wicked, shepherdess, as you are innocent, that voice of your's would corrupt justice herself, unless she was deaf as well as blind.

Syl. I hope you did not overhear me, Linco?

Lin. O, but I did tho'—and, notwithstanding I come as the deputy of a deputy governor, to bring you before my principal, for some complaints made against you by a certain shepherdess, I will stand your friend, tho' I lose my place for it—there are not many such friends, shepherdess.

Syl. What have I done to the shepherdesses, that they persecute me so?

Lin. You are much too handsome, which is a crime the best of 'em can't forgive you.

Syl.

Syl. I'll trust myself with you, and face my enemies. [*As they are going, Dorcas calls from the Cottage.*]

Dor. Where are you going child? Who is that with you Sylvia?

Lin. Now shall we be stopp'd by this good old woman, who will know all—and can scarce hear any thing.

Dor. I'll see who you have with you.

Enter Dorcas from the House.

Lin. 'Tis I dame, your kinsman Linco.
(*Speaks loud in her ear.*)

Dor. O, is it you, honest Linco! (*Takes his hand.*) Well, what's to do now?

Lin. The governor desires to speak with Sylvia; a friendly enquiry, that's all.

Dor. For what, for what—tell me that—I have nothing to do with his desires, nor she neither—he is grown very inquisitive of late about shepherdeses.—Fine doings, indeed! No such doings when I was young—if he wants to examine any body, why don't he examine me? I'll give him an answer; let him be as inquisitive as he pleases.

Lin. But I am your kinsman, dame, and you dare trust me sure.
(*Speaks loud at her ear.*)

Dor. Thou art the best of 'em, that I'll say for thee—but the best of you are bad when a young woman is in the case—I have gone through great difficulties myself, I can assure you, in better times than these: why must not I go too?

Lin. We shall return to you again—before you can get there?
(*Still speaking loud.*)

Syl. You may trust us, mother,—my own innocence, and Linco's goodness, will be guard enough for me.

Dor. Eh! what!

Lin.

Lin. She says, you may trust me with her innocence. *(speaking loud.)*

Dor. Well, well—I will then—thou art a sweet creature, and I love thee better than even I did my own child—*(kisses Sylvia)* When thou art fetched away by him that brought thee, 'twill be a woeful day for me.—Well, well, go thy ways with Linco—I dare trust thee any where—I'll prepare thy dinner at thy return; and bring my honest kinsman along with you.

Lin. We will be with you, before you can make the pot boil.

Dor. Before what!

Lin. We will be with you, before you can make the pot boil.

(Speaks very loud, and goes off with Sylvia.)

Dor. Heav'n shield thee, for the sweetest, best creature that ever blest old age—What a comfort she is to me! All I have to wish for in this world, is to know who thou art, who brought thee to me, and then to see thee as happy as thou hast made poor Dorcas. What can the governor want with her?—I wish I had gone too—I'd have talk'd to him, and to the purpose—We had no such doings when I was a young woman—they never made such a fuss with me.

A I R.

*When I were young, tho' now am old,
The men were kind and true;
But now they're grown so false and bold.
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly,
So unruly.
I tremble at seventy-two!*

II.

*When I were fair—tho' now so so,
 No hearts were given to rove,
 Our pulses beat nor fast, nor slow,
 But all was faith, and love;
 Now what can a woman do?
 For men are truly,
 So unruly,
 I tremble at seventy-two*

[Exit.]

SCENE, the Magistrate's House.

Enter Dorus and Second Shepherdess.

Dor. This way, this way, damsel—now we are alone, I can hear your grievances, and will redress them, that I will—you have my good liking, damsel, and favour follows of course.

2d Shep. I want words, your honour, and worship, to thank you fitly.

Dor. Smile upon me, damsel—Smile, and command me—your hand is whiter than ever, I protest—you must indulge me with a chaste salute.

(Kisses her hand.)

2d Shep. La! your Honour. *(Curtseys.)*

Dor. You have charm'd me, damsel; and I can deny you nothing—another chaste salute—'tis a perfect cordial—*(kisses her hand.)* Well, what shall I do with this Sylvia, this stranger, this baggage, that has affronted thee? I'll send her where she shall never vex thee again—an impudent wicked! *(kisses her hand.)* I'll send her packing this very day.

2d Shep. I vow your worship is too good to me.

(Leering.)

Dor. Nothing's too good for thee—I'll send her off directly.—Don't fret and tease thyself about her—go she shall, and speedily too.—I have sent my deputy

deputy Linco for that Dorcas, who has harbour'd this Sylvia without my knowledge, and the country shall be rid of her to-morrow morning.—Smile upon me, damsel—smile upon me.

2d Shép. I wou'd I were half as handsome as Sylvia, I might smile to good purpose.

Dor. I'll Sylvia her ! an impudent vagrant—She can neither smile or whine to any purpose, while I am to govern.—She shall go to-morrow, damsel—this hand, this lilly hand, has sign'd her fate.

(Kisses it.)

Enter Linco.

Lin. No bribery and corruption, I beg of your honour.

Dor. You are too bold, Linco—Where did you learn this impertinence to your superiors ?

Lin. From an old song, and please your honour, where I get all my wisdom—Heav'n help me.

A I R.

*If she whispers the judge, be he ever so wise,
Tho' great and important his trust is ;
His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes
Will kick up the balance of justice.*

II.

*If his passions are, strong, his judgment grows weak,
For love thro' his veins will be creeping ;
And his worship when near to a round dimple cheek,
Tho' he ought to be blind, will be peeping.*

Dor. Poo, poo, 'tis a very foolish song and you're a fool for singing it.

2d Shép. Linco's no friend of mine ; Sylvia can sing, and has enchanted him.

Lin. My ears have been feasted, that's most certain—but my heart, damsel, is as uncrack'd as your virtue,

virtue, or his honour's wisdom. There is not too much presumption in that, I hope.

Dor. Linco, do your duty, and know your distance—What is come to the fellow? he is so altered, I don't know him again.

Lin. Your honour's eye-sight is not so good as it was—I am always the same, and heav'n forbid that mirth should be a sin—I am always laughing and singing—let who will change, I will not.—I laugh at the times, but I can't mend 'em—They are woe-fully altered for the worse—but here's my comfort.

[Shewing his tabor and pipe.]

Dor. I'll hear no more of this ribaldry—I hate poetry, and I don't like music—Where is this vagrant, this Sylvia?

Lin. In the justice chamber, waiting for your honour's commands.

Dor. Why did not you tell me so?

Lin. I thought your honour better engaged, and that it was too much for you to try two female causes at one time.

Dor. You thought! I won't have you think, but obey—Times are changed indeed!—Deputies must not think for their superiors.

Lin. Must not they! What will become of our poor country! *(Going.)*

Dor. No more, impertinence, but bring the culprit hither.

Lin. In the twinkling of your honour's eye. *[Exit.]*

2d Shap. I leave my griefs in your worship's hands.

Dor. You leave 'em in my heart, damsel, where they soon shall be changed into pleasures—wait for me in the justice chamber—Smile, damsel, smile upon me, and edge the sword of justice.

Enter Linco and Sylvia.

2d Shap. Here she comes; see how like an innocent she looks—But I'll be gone—I trust in your

worship—I hate the sight of her—I cou'd tear her nasty eyes out. *[Exit.]*

Dor. (Gazing at Sylvia.) Hem, hem! I am told, young woman—hem, hem!—that she does not look so mischievous as I expected.

[Aside, and turning from her.]

Lin. Bear up, sweet shepherdess! your beauty and innocence will put injustice out of countenance.

Syl. The shame of being suspected confounds me, and I can't speak.

Dor. Where is the old woman, Dorcas, they told me of? Did not I order you to bring her before me?

Lin. The good old woman is so deaf, and your reverence a little thick of hearing, I thought the business would be sooner and better done by the young woman.

Dor. What at your thinking again—Young shepherdess, I hear—I hear—Hem!—Her modesty pleases me. *(Aside.)*—What is the reason, I say—Hem!—that—that I hear—She has very fine features. *[Aside, and turning from her.]*

Lin. Speak, speak, Sylvia, and the business is done.

Dor. Is not your name Sylvia?

Lin. Yes, your honour, her name is Sylvia.

Dor. I don't ask you—What is your name? look up and tell me, shepherdess.

Syl. Sylvia! *[Sighs and curtsies.]*

Dor. What a sweet look with her eyes she has! *(Aside.)* What can be the reason, Sylvia—that—Hem!—I protest she disarms my anger. *[Aside.]*

Lin. Now is your time, speak to his reverence.

Dor. Don't whisper the prisoner.

Syl. Prisoner! Am I prisoner? then,

Dor. No, not absolutely a prisoner; but you are charged, damsel—Hem, hem!—charged, damsel—I don't know what to say to her. *[Aside.]*

Syl.

Syl. With what, your honour?

Lin. If he begins to damsel us, we have him sure.

Syl. What is my crime?

Lin. A little too handsome, that's all.

Dor. Hold your peace—Why don't you look up in my face if you are innocent? (*Sylvia looks at Dorus with great modesty.*) I can't stand it—she has turn'd my anger, my justice, and my whole scheme, topsy-turvy—Reach me a chair, Linco.

Lin. One sweet song, Sylvia, before his reverence gives sentence. [*Reaches a chair for Dorus.*]

Dor. No singing, her looks have done too much already.

Lin. Only to soften your rigour.

Sylvia sings.

A I R.

From duty if the shepherd stray,

And leave his flock to feed,

The wolf will seize the harmless prey,

And innocence will bleed.

II.

In me a harmless lamb behold,

Opprest with ev'ry fear;

O guard, good shepherd, guard your fold,

For wicked wolves are near.

[*Kneels.*]

Dor. I'll guard thee, and fold thee too, my lambkin—and they shan't hurt thee—This is a melting ditty indeed! Rise, rise, my Sylvia.

[*Embraces her.*]

Enter Second Shepherdess.

[*Dorus and she start at seeing each other.*]

2d Shep. Is your reverence taking leave of her before you drive her out of the country?

Dor. How now! What presumption is this, to break in upon us so, and interrupt the course of justice?

2d Shep. May I be permitted to speak three words with your worship?—

Dor. Well, well, I will speak to you—I'll come to you in the justice chamber presently.

2d Shep. I knew the wheedling slut would spoil all—but I'll be up with her yet. [*Aside, and Ex.*]

Dor. I'm glad she's gone—Linco, you must send her away—I won't see her now.

Lin. And shall I take Sylvia to prison?

Dor. No, no, no; to prison! mercy forbid!—What a sin should I have committed to please that envious, jealous pated shepherdess?—Linco, comfort the damsel—Dry your eyes, Sylvia—I will call upon you myself—and examine Dorcas myself—and protect you myself—and do every thing myself—I profess she has bewitch'd me—I am all agitation—I'll call upon you to-morrow—perhaps to-night—perhaps in half an hour—Take care of her, Linco—she has bewitch'd me, and I shall lose my wits if I look on her any longer—Oh! the sweet, lovely, delightful creature!

Lin. Don't whimper now, my sweet Sylvia—Justice has taken up the sword and scales, again, and your rivals shall cry their eyes out—The day's our own.

A I R.

Sing high derry, derry

The day is our own,

Be wise and be merry,

Let sorrow alone;

Alter your tone,

To high derry derry,

Be wise and be merry,

The day is our own.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T IV.

SCENE, *an old Castle.**Enter URGANDA, greatly agitated.*Urg. **L**OST, lost Urganda!—Nothing can
controul

The beating tempest of my restless soul!

While I prepare, in this dark witching hour,

My potent spells, and call forth all my power—

Arise ye demons of revenge arise!

Begin your rites—unseen by mortal eyes!

Hurl plagues, and mischiefs thro' the poison'd air,

And give me vengeance to appease despair!

Chorus—(underground) We come, we come, we
come! (*She waves her wand, and the castle
vanishes.*)*The first Demon of Revenge arises.*

A I R.

*While mortals charm their cares in sleep,**And Demons howl below**Urganda calls us from the deep**Arise ye sons of woe!**Ever busy, ever willing,**All those horrid tasks fulfilling,**Which draw from mortal breasts the groan,**And make their torments like our own.*Chorus—(underground) We come, we come, we
come!*Demons arise and perform their rites.**Then Exeunt, with Urganda at their head.*SCENE, *the Country.**Enter LINCO, drawing in DAMON and DORILAS.*Lin. Nay, nay, but let me talk to you a little—
by the lark you are early stirrers—has not that gad-
fly jealousy stung you up to this same mischief you
are upon?

E 3

Dam.

Dam. We are commanded by our governor, who has orders from Urganda, to bring Cymon and Sylvia before her.

Lin. And you are fond of this employment are you? fye, for shame—I know more than you think I know.—You were each of you (good souls!) betroth'd to two shepherdesses—but Silvia comes in the nick, and away go vows, promises, and protestations—the loving Cymon, and despising you—and you.—You (hating one another) join cordially to distress them for loving one another—fye, for shame, shepherds!

Dam. What will the governor say to this? This is fine treatment of your betters.

Lin. If my betters are no better than they should be, 'tis their fault, and not mine—Urganda, Dorus, and you, not being able to reach the grapes, won't let any body else taste them—fye, for shame, shepherds!

Dam. We have no time to lose—we must raise the shepherds, and hunt after these young sinners; and you, Mr. Deputy, for all your airs, must make one in the chase.

Lin. Before I would follow unlawful game to please a hot-liver'd enchantress, an old itching governor, and two such jealous pated needles as yourselves, I would thrust my pipe thro' my tabor, chuck it into the river, and myself after it.

Dam. Here comes the governor; now we shall hear what you will say to him?

Lin. Just what I have said to you; an honest laughing fellow, like myself, don't mind a governor, though I should raise his spleen, and lose my place into the bargain—there are not many deputies in Arcadia of the same mind.

Dor. Come, come, let us mind our business and not his impertinence.

Dam.

Dam. If the governor would do as I wish him, you would have your deserts, Mr. Deputy Linco.

Lin. And if Cymon could do as I wish him, you would have your deserts, my gentle shepherds.

Enter Dorus and Arcadians.

Dor. Where have you been, Linco? I sent for you an hour ago.

Lin. I was in bed, your honour, and as I don't walk in my sleep, I could not well be with you before I was dress'd.

Dor. No joking—no joking—we are ordered by the Enchantress to search for Cymon and Sylvia, and bring them before her.

Lin. I hate to spoil sport—so I'll go home again.
(*Going.*)

Dor. Stay, Linco (*he returns.*) I command you to do your duty, and go with me in pursuit of these young criminals.

Lin. Criminals! heaven bless them I say!—I'll go home again.
(*Going.*)

Dor. Was there ever such insolence! Come back, Linco; how dare you disobey what I order, and Urganda commands? Give me an answer.

Lin. Conscience! conscience! Governor—an old fashion'd excuse, but a true one—I cannot find in my heart to disturb two sweet young creatures—whom as heaven has put together, I will not attempt to divide;—'twould be a crying sin!—I'll go home again.
(*Going.*)

Dor. You are a scandal to your place, and you shall hold it no longer; I'll take it from you instantly.

Lin. You cannot take from me a quiet conscience and a merry heart;—you are heartily welcome to all the rest, Governor.

Dor. I dismiss you from this moment—you shall be no deputy of mine—you shall suffer for your arrogance;

arrogance ;—I shall tell the Enchantress that you are leagu'd with this Sylvia, and will not do your duty.

Lin. A word with your honour—could you have been leagu'd with this Sylvia too, you would not have done your duty, Mr. Governor.

Dor. Hem !—Come along, shepherds, and don't mind his impudence. [*Exeunt Dorus and Shepherds.*]

Lin. I wish your reverence a good morning, and I thank you for all favours—any fool now that was less merry than myself, would be out of spirits for being out of place ;—but as matters are now turn'd topsy turvy, I wont walk upon my head for the best office in Arcadia—And so my virtuous old governor, get what deputy you please ; I shall stick to my tabor and pipe, and sing away the loss of one place, till I can whistle myself into another.

A I R.

*When peace here was reigning,
And love without waining,
Or care or complaining,
Base passions disdaining ;
This was my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh'd down the day,
Nor envy'd the joys of a neighbour.*

II

*Now sad transformation
Runs thro' the whole nation ;
Peace love, recreation,
All chang'd to vexation ;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.*

III.

** While all are designing,
Their friends undermining ;
To mischief inclining,*

This

* Omitted in the representation.

*This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh down the day
And pity the cares of my neighbour.*

[Exit.

SCENE, another Part of the Country.

Enter FATIMA.

Truly a very pretty mischievous errand I am sent upon—I am to follow this foolish young fellow all about to find out his haunts—not so foolish neither, for he is so much improved of late, we shrewdly suspect that he must have some female to sharpen his intellects—For love, among many other strange things, can make fools of wits, and wits of fools. I saw our young partridge run before me, and take cover hereabouts; I must make no noise, for fear of alarming him; besides, I hate to disturb the poor things in pairing time.

[Looks thro' the bushes.

Enter Merlin.

Mer. I shall spoil your peeping, thou evil counsellor of a faithless mistress—I must torment her a little for her good—Such females must feel much to be made just and reasonable creatures.

Fatima peeping thro' bushes.

There they are—our fool has made no bad choice—Upon my word, a very pretty couple! and will make my poor lady's heart ach.

Mer. I shall twinge yours a little before we part.

Fat. Well said Cymon! upon your knees to her! now for my pocket-book, that I may exactly describe this rival of ours; she is much too handsome to live long, she will be either burnt alive, thrown to wild beasts, or shut up in the black tower—the greatest mercy she can have will be to let her take her choice.

[Takes out a pocket-book.

Mer. May be so—but we will prevent the prophecy if we can.

Fatima,

Fatima, writing in her book.

She is of a good height, about my size—a fine shape, delicate features—charming hair—heav’nly eyes; not unlike my own—with such a sweet smile! She must be burnt alive! yes, yes, she must be burnt alive.

[*Merlin taps her upon the shoulder with his wand.*

Fat. Who’s there! bless me!—No body—I protest it startled me. I must finish my picture.

[*Writes on.*

[*Merlin waves his wand over her head.*

Now let me see what I have written—Bless me, what’s here! all the letters are as red as blood—My eyes fail me! Sure I am bewitched (*Reads and trembles.*) *Urganda has a shameful passion for Cymon, Cymon a most virtuous one for Sylvia;—as for Fatima, wild beasts, the black tower, and burning alive are too good for her.* (*Drops the book.*) I have not power to stir a step—I knew what would come of affronting that devil Merlin. [*Merlin is visible.*

Mer. True, Fatima, and I am here at your service.

Fat. O most magnanimous Merlin! don’t set your wit to a poor foolish weak woman.

Mer. Why then will a foolish weak woman set her wit to me? But we will be better friends for the future—Mark me, Fatima. [*Holds up his wand.*

Fat. No conjuration, I beseech your worship, and you shall do any thing with me.

Mer. I want nothing of you but to hold your tongue.

Fat. Will nothing else content your fury?

Mer. Silence, babler.

Fat. I am your own for ever, most merciful Merlin! I am your own for ever—O my poor tongue! I thought I never should have wagg’d thee again—What a dreadful thing it would be to be dumb?

Mer.

Mer. You see it is not in the power of Urganda to protect you, or to injure Cymon and Sylvia—I will be their protector against all her arts, tho' she has leagu'd herself with the demons of revenge—We have no power but what results from our virtue.

Fat. I had rather lose any thing than my speech.

Mer. As you profess yourself my friend (for, with all my art, I cannot see into a woman's mind) I will shew my gratitude, and my power, by giving your tongue an additional accomplishment.

Fat. What, shall I talk more than ever?

Mer. (*smiling.*) That would be no accomplishment, Fatima.—No, I mean that you should talk less—When you return to Urganda; she will be very inquisitive, and you very ready to tell her all you know.

Fat. And may I without offence to your worship?

Mer. Silence, and mark me well—observe me truly and punctually. Every answer you give to Urganda's questions, must be confined to two words, *Yes* and *No*—I have done you a great favour, and you don't perceive it.

Fat. Not very clearly indeed.

[*Aside.*

Mer. Beware of encroaching a single monosyllable upon my injunction; the moment another word escapes you, you are dumb.

Fat. Heaven preserve me! what will become of me!

Mer. Remember what I say—as you obey or neglect me, you will be punished, or rewarded.

Merlin strikes the scene, which opens and discovers his dragons and chariot, which carry him away.

Farewell (bowing to her.) Remember me, Fatima.

Fat. I shall never forget you, I am sure—What a polite devil it is—and what a woe!ful plight am I in? This confining my tongue to two words is much worse than being quite dumb—I had rather be stunted in any thing than in my speech—Heigho!—There never sure was a tax upon the tongue before.

A I R.

A I R.

Tax my tongue! it is a shame:

Merlin, sure, is much to blame,

Not to let it sweetly strow.

Yet the favours of the great,

And the silly maiden's fate,

Often follow Yes or No.

Lack a-day!

Poor Fatima!

Stinted so,

To Yes or No.

II

Should I want to talk and chat,

Tell Urganda this or that,

How shall I about it go;

Let her ask me what she will;

I must keep my clapper still,

Striking only Yes or No.

Lack-a-day!

Poor Fatima!

Stinted so,

To Yes or No.

[Exit.

SCENE, Enter Cymon and Sylvia (arm in arm.)

Cym. You must not fight, my Sylvia—love like ours can have no bitter mingled with its sweets. It has given me eyes, ears, and understanding; and till they forsake me, I must be Sylvia's.

Syl. And while I retain mine, I can know no happiness but with Cymon;—and yet Urganda.—

Cym. Why will you sully again the purity of our joys with the thoughts of that unhappy, because guilty, woman.—Has not Merlin discovered all that was unknown to us? Has he not promised us his protection, and told us, that we are the care of superiour beings, and that more blessings, if possible, are in store for us?—What can Sylvia want, when Cymon is completely blest?

Syl.

Syl. Nothing but my Cymon; when that is secured to me, I have not a wish for more.

Cym. Thy wishes are fulfilled then, and mine in thee!

Syl. Take my hand, and with it a heart, which, till you had touch'd, never knew, nor could even imagine, what was love; but my passion now is as sincere as it is tender, and it would be ungrateful to disguise my affections, as they are my greatest pride and happiness.

Cym. Transporting maid! [Kisses her hand.

A I R.

Syl. This cold flinty heart, it is you who have warm'd
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;
In vain against Merit and Cymon, I strove,
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?

II.

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can flow,
Elysium to him but a desert will prove;
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?

III.

The spring shou'd be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flowrets make blithsome sweet May,
Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove,
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?

Cym. Thus then I seize my treasure, will protect it with my life, and will never resign it, but to heaven who gave it me. [Embraces her.

Enter Damon and Dorilas on one side, and Dorus and his followers on the other; who start at seeing Cymon and Sylvia.

Dam. Here they are!

Syl. Ha! blest me! (starting.)

Dor. Fine doings indeed!

[Cymon and Sylvia stand amaz'd and asham'd.

Doril. Your humble servant, modest Madam Sylvia!

F

Dam.

Dam. You are much improv'd by your new tutor.

Dor. But I'll send her and her tutor where they shall learn better.—I am confounded at their assurance! Why don't you speak, culprits?

Cym. We may be asham'd without guilt, to be watch'd and surpriz'd by those who ought to be more asham'd at what they have done.

Syl. Be calm, my Cymon, they mean us mischief.

Cym. But they can do us none ;—fear them not, my shepherdess.

Dor. Did you ever hear or see such an impudent couple? but I'll secure you from these intemperate doings.

Dam. Shall we seize them, your worship, and drag 'em to Urganda?

Dor. Let me speak first with that damsel.

[As he approaches, Cymon puts her behind him.]

Cym. That damsel is not to be spoken with.

Dor. Here's impudence in perfection—Do you know who I am, stripling?

Cym. I know you to be one who ought to observe the laws, and protect innocence; but having passions that disgrace both your age and place, you neither do one nor the other.

Dor. I am astonish'd! What are you the foolish young fellow I have heard so much of?

Cym. As sure as you are the wicked old fellow I have heard so much of.

Dor. Seize them both this instant.

Cym. That is sooner said than done, Governor.

[As they approach on both sides to seize them, he snatches a staff from one of the shepherds, and beats them back.]

Dor. Fall on him, but don't kill him, for I must make an example of him.

Cym. In this cause I am myself an army; see how the wretches stare, and cannot stir.

C Y M O N.
A I R.

51

Come on, come on,
A thousand to one,
I dare you to come on.
Tho' unpractis'd and young,
Love has made me stout and strong;
Has given me a charm,
Will not suffer me to fall;
Has steel'd my heart, and nerw'd my arm,
To guard my precious all.

[Looking at Sylvia.

Come on, Come on, &c. [Exit.

Syl. O Merlin, now befriend him!
From their rage defend him!

[While Cymon drives off the party of shepherds
on one side, enter Dorus and his party, who sur-
round Sylvia.]

Dor. Away with her, away with her—

Syl. Protect me, Merlin!—Cymon! Cymon!
where art thou, Cymon?

Dor. Your fool Cymon is too fond of fighting
to mind his mistress; away with her to Urganda,
away with her.

Enter Shepherds, running acrosss disordered and
beaten by Cymon.

Dam. (looking back.) 'Tis the devil of a fellow!
how he has laid about him! [Exit.

Doril. There is no way but this to avoid him.

[Exit.

Enter Cymon (in confusion and out of breath.)

I have conquered, my Sylvia!—Where art thou?
—my life, my love, my valour, my all!—What,
gone!—torn from me! then I am conquer'd in-
deed!

[He runs off, and returns several times during the
symphony of the following song.]

A I R.

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they
 To death they shall bear me, [take her ?
 To pieces shall tear me,
 Before I'll forsake her !
 Tho' fast bound in a spell,
 By Urganda and bell,
 I'll burst thro' their charms,
 Seize my fair in my arms ;
 The: my valour shall prove,
 No magick like virtue, like Virtue and Love!

ACT V. SCENE; a Grotto.

Enter URGANDA and FATIMA.

Urg. **Y**ES!—No!—forbear this mockery—
 What can it mean?—I will not bear this
 trifling with my passion—Fatima, my heart's upon
 the rack, and must not be sported with—Let me
 know the worst, and quickly—to conceal it from
 me is not kindness, but the height of cruelty—Why
 don't you speak? (*Fatima shakes her head.*) Won't
 you speak.

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Go on then.

Fat. No.

Urg. Will you say nothing but No?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Distracting, treacherous Fatima!—Have
 you seen my rival?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Thanks, dear Fatima!—well—now go on.

Fat. No.

Urg. This is not to be borne—Was Cymon with
 her?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are they in love with each other?

Fat. Yes! (*sighing.*)

Urg. Where did you see my rival? (*Fatima shakes
 her head.*) False, unkind, obstinate Fatima!—
 Won't you tell me?

Fat.

Fat. No.

Urg. You are brib'd to betray me.

Fat. No.

Urg. What, still Yes and No?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. And not a single word more?

Fat. No.

Urg. Are you afraid of any body?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are you not afraid of me too?

Fat. No.

Urg. Insolence! Is my rival handsome? tell me that.

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Very handsome?

Fat. Yes, yes.

Urg. How handsome? handsomer than I, or you?

Fat. Yes—No—(*hesitating.*)

Urg. How can you see me thus miserable, and not relieve me? have you no pity for me?

Fat. Yes! (*sighing.*)

Urg. Convince me of it, and tell me all.

Fat. No! (*sighing.*)

Urg. I shall go distracted!—Leave me.

Fat. Yes.

Urg. And dare not come into my presence?

Fat. No. [*Curtseys, and Exit.*]

Urg. (*alone.*) She has a spell upon her, or she could not do thus—Merlin's power has prevailed—he has enchanted her, and my love and my revenge are equally disappointed.—This is the completion of my misery!

Enter Dorus.

Dor. May I presume to intrude upon my sovereign's contemplations?

Urg. Dare not to approach my misery, or thou shalt partake of it.

Dor. I am gone—and Sylvia shall go too. (*Go'n.*)

Urg. Sylvia, said you? where is she? where is she? Speak, speak—and give me life or death.

Dor. She is without, and attends your mighty will.

Urg. Then I am a queen again!—Forgive me, Dorus—I was lost in thought, sunk in despair; I knew not what I said—but now I am rais'd again!—Sylvia is safe!

Dor. Yes; and I am safe too, which is no small comfort to me, considering where I have been.

Urg. And Cymon—has he escap'd?

Dor. Yes, he has escap'd from us; and, what is better, we have escap'd from him.

Urg. Where is he?

Dor. Breaking the bones of every shepherd he meets.

Urg. Well, no matter—I am in possession of the present object of my passion, and I will indulge it to the height of luxury!—Let 'em prepare my victim instantly for death.—

Dor. For death!—Is not that going too far?

Urg. Nothing is too far—she makes me suffer ten thousand deaths, and nothing but her's can appease me. (*Dorus going*) Stay, Dorus—I have a richer revenge; she shall be shut up in the Black Tower 'till her beauties are destroy'd, and then I will present her to this ungrateful Cymon—Let her be brought before me, and I will feast my eyes, and ease my heart, with this devoted Sylvia—No reply, but obey.

Dor. It is done—This is going too far. [*Aside.*

[*Exit shrugging up his shoulders.*

Urg. Tho' still of raging winds the sport,
My shipwreck'd heart shall gain the port;
Revenge, the pilot, steers her way,
No more of tenderness and love,
The eagle in her gripe has seiz'd the dove,
And thinks of nothing but her prey,

Enter

Enter Sylvia, Dorus, and Guards.

Urg. Are you the wretch, the unhappy maid, who has dared to be the rival of Urganda?

Syl. I am no wretch, but the happy maid, who am possess'd of the affections of Cymon, and with them I have nothing to hope or fear.

Urg. Thou vain rash creature!—I will make thee fear my power, and hope for my Mercy. [*Waves her wand, and the scene changes to the black rocks.*]

Syl. I am still unmov'd. [*Smiling.*]

Urg. Thou art on the very brink of perdition, and in a moment wilt be closed in a tower, where thou shalt never see Cymon, or any human being more.

Syl. While I have Cymon in my heart, I bear a charm about me, to scorn your power, or, what is more your cruelty.

[*Urganda waves her wand, and the Black Tower appears.*]

Urg. Open the gates and inclose her insolence for ever.

Syl. I am ready. [*Smiling at Urganda.*]

A I R.

Tho' various deaths surround me,

No terrors can confound me ;

Protected from above,

I glory in my love !

Against thy cruel might,

And in this dreadful hour,

I have a sure defence,

'Tis innocence,

That heav'nly right,

To smile on guilty power !

Urg. Let me no more be tormented with her : I cannot bear to hear or see her.—Close her in the tower for ever ! [*They put Sylvia in the Tower.*]
Now let Merlin releafe you if he can.

[*L*]

[*It thunders ; the tower and rocks give way to a magnificent amphitheatre, and Merlin appears in the place where the tower sunk : All shriek, and run off except Urganda, who is struck with terror.*]

Mer. Still shall my power your arts confound ;
And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound.

[*Urganda waves her wand.*]

Mer. Ha ! ha ! hah !—your power is gone—

Urg. I am all terror and shame—in vain I wave this wand—I feel my power is gone, yet I still retain my passions—My misery is complete !

Mer. It is indeed ! No power, no happiness were superior to thine till you sunk them in your folly—you now find, but too late, that there is no magic like virtue.

[*Sound of warlike instruments.*]

Urg. What mean those sounds of joy ?—my heart forbodes, that they proclaim my fall and dishonour.

Mer. The orders of chivalry are assembled, sent by Cymon's father, to celebrate and protect the marriage of Cymon with Sylvia.

Urg. Death to my hopes !—then I am lost indeed

Mer. From the moment you wrong'd me, and yourself, I became their protector—I counteracted all your schemes, I continued Cymon in his state of ignorance till he was cured by Sylvia, whom I conveyed here for that purpose ; that shepherdes is a princess equal to Cymon—They have obtained by their virtues the throne of Arcadia, which you have lost by—But I have done ; I see your repentance, and my anger melts into pity.

Urg. Pity me not—I am undeserving of it—I have been cruel and faithless, and ought to be wretched—Thus I destroy the small remains of my sovereignty. (*Breaks her wand.*) May power, basely exerted, be ever thus broken and dispersed !

[*Throws away her wand.*]

Forgive

Forgive my errors and forget my name,
 O drive me hence with penitence and shame;
 From Merlin, Cymon, Sylvia, let me fly,
 Beholding them, my shame can never die.

[Exit Urganda.]

Mer. Falsehood is punished, virtue rewarded, and
 Arcadia is restored to peace, pleasure and innocence!

MARCH. [Enter the procession of knights of the
 different orders of *Chivalry*, with *Incanters*, &c.
 who range themselves round the amphitheatre,
 followed by *Cymon*, *Sylvia*, and *Merlin*, who are
 brought in triumph drawn by *Loves*, preceded
 by *Cupid* and *Hymen* walking arm in arm, Then
 enter the *Arcadian* shepherds, with *Dorus* and
Linco at their head, *Damon* and *Dorilas*, with
 their shepherdesses, &c. They sing the follow-
 ing *Chorus*.

Chorus. * *Each heart and each voice*
In Arcadia rejoice ;
Let gratitude raise
To great Merlin our praise :
Long, long may we share
The blessings of this pair !
Long, long may they live,
To share the bliss they give !

After the Chorus and Procession Linco comes forward.

Lin. My good neighbours and friends, (for now
 I am not ashamed to call you so) your deputy Linco
 has but a short charge to give you.—As we have
 turn'd over a new, fair leaf, let us never look back
 to our past blots and errors.

Dor. No more we will, Linco.—No retrospec-
 tion.

Lin. I meant to oblige your worship in the pro-
 position; I shall ever be a good subject (*bowing to*
Cymon and Sylvia,) and your friend and obedient
 deputy. Let us have a hundred marriages directly,
 and

* Omitted in the representation.

✓ and no more inconstancy, Jealousy, or coquetry from this day.—The best purifier of the blood is mirth; with a few grains of wisdom—we will take it every day, neighbours, as the best preservative against bad humours: *Be merry and wise*, according to the old proverb, and I defy the devil ever to get among you again;—and that we may be sure to get rid of him, let us drive him quite away with a little singing and dancing, for he hates mortally mirth and good fellowship.

A I R.

Dam. *Each shepherd again shall be constant and kind,
And ev'ry stray'd heart shall each shepherdess find.*

Del *If faithful our shepherds, we always are true,
Our truth and our falsehood we borrow from you.*

Chorus. *Happy Arcadians, still shall be;
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.*

Fat. *Let those who the sword and the ballance must hold,
To int'rest be blind, and to beauty be cold:*

*When justice has eyes her integrity fails,
Her sword becomes blunted, and down drop her scales.*

Chorus. *Happy Arcadians, still shall be;
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.*

Lin. *The bliss of your heart no rude care shall molest,
While innocent mirth is your bosom's sweet guest;*

*Of that happy pair let us worthy be seen,
Love, honour, and copy your king and your queen.*

Chorus. *Happy Arcadians, still shall be;
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.*

Syl. *Let love, peace, and joy still be seen hand in hand,
To dance on this turf, and again bless the land.*

Cym. *Love and Hymen of blessings have open'd their
store,*

For Cymon with Sylvia can wish nothing more.

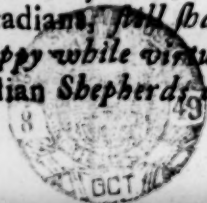
Both. *Love and Hymen of blessings have open'd their
store.*

He. *For Cymon with Sylvia } can wish nothing*

She. *For Sylvia with Cymon } more.*

Chorus. *Happy Arcadians, still shall be;
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.*

A Dance of Arcadian Shepherds and shepherdesses.



PROLOGUE, for New Years Day.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

I Come obedient at my brethrens call,
From top to bottom, to salute you all;
Warmly to wish, before our piece you view,
A happy year—to you—you—you—and you!

Baxes—Pit—1 Gall.—2 Gall.

From you the play'rs enjoy, and feel it here,
The merry *Christmas*, and the happy year.

There is a good old saying—pray attend it;
As you begin the year, you'll surely end it;
Should any one this night incline to evil,
He'll play for twelve long months, the very devil!
Should any married dame exert her tongue.

She'll sing, the *Zodiac* round, the same sweet song:

And should the husband join *his* music too,
Why then 'tis *cat* and *dog* the whole year thro'.

Ye sons of *law* and *physic*, for your ease,

Besure, this day, you never take your fees:

Can't you refuse?—then the disease grows strong,

You'll have two itching palms—Lord knows how long!

Writers of news, by this strange fate are bound,

They fib to day, and fib the whole year round.

You wits assembled here, both great and small,

Set not this night afloat—your critic gall;

If you should snarl, and not incline to laughter,

What sweet companions for a twelvemonth after!

You must be muzzled for this night at least;

Our author has a right this day to feast.

He has not touch'd one bit as yet.—Remember

'Tis a long *fast*—from now to next December.

'Tis *holiday*! you are *our patrons* now;

(to the upper gallery.)

If you but grin, the critics wont *brow*, *wow*.

As for the plot, wit, humour, language—I

Beg you such trifles kindly to pass by;

The most essential part, which something means,

As dresses, dances, sinkings, flyings, scenes!—

They'll make you stare! nay, there is such a thing

Will make you stare!—still more!—for I must sing:

And should your taste, and ears, be over nice,

Alas; you'll spoil my singing in a trice.

If you should *growl*, my notes will alter soon,

I can't be *in*—if you are *out* of tune!

Permit my fears your favour to bespeak,

My part's a strong one, and *poor I* but *weak*.

(alluding to his late accident.)

If you but smile, I'm firm, if frown, I stumble—

Scarce well of *one*, spare me a *second* tumble.

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E,

Written by GEORGE KEATE, *Esq;*

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

(Enter peeping in at the stage-door.)

I S the stage clear?—bless me!—I've such a dread!
It seems enchanted ground, where'er I tread!

(Coming forward.)

What noise was that!—hush!—'twas a false alarm.—
I'm sure there's no one here will do me harm.
Amongst you can't be found a single knight,
Who would not do an injur'd damsel right.—
Well—heav'n be prais'd, I'm out of magic reach,
And have once more regain'd the pow'r of speech:
Aye, and I'll use it—for it must appear,
That my poor tongue is greatly in arrear.—
There's not a female here but shar'd my woe,
Ty'd down to YES, or still more hateful NO,
No is expressive—but I must confess,
If rightly question'd, I'd use only YES.

In MERLIN's walk this broken wand I found,

(Shewing a broken wand.)

Which to *two words* my speaking organs bound.
Suppose upon the town I try his spell—
Ladies, don't stir—You use your tongues too well!—
How tranquil ev'ry place, when, by my skill,
FOLLY is mute, and even SLANDER still!
Old gossips speechless—bloods would breed no riot,
And all the tongues at JONATHAN's lie quiet!
Each *grave profession* must new bush the wig;
Nothing to say, 'twere needful they look big!
The *reverend doctor* might the change endure,
He would sit still, and have his *sine cure*!
Nor could *great folks* much hardship undergo;
They do their bus'ness with an AYE or NO!—
But, come, I only jok'd—dismiss your fear;
Tho' I've the pow'r, I will not use it here.
I'll only keep my magic, as a guard,
To awe each critic, who attacks our bard.
I see some malecontents their fingers biting,
Snarling, “The ancients never knew such writing—
“The drama's lost!—the managers exhaust us
“With *opera's*, *monkies*, *mab* and *Dr. Faustus*.”
Dread Sirs, a word!—the public taste is fickle;
All palates in their turn we strive to tickle;
Our cat'ers *vary*, and you'll know at least,
It is *variety* that makes the feast.
If this fair circle smile—and the *god's* thunder,
I with this wand will keep the critics under.

F I N I S.

